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AFTER LAST NIGHT

By Will Jones



Bond Is Out-Bonded

The "Goldfinger" phenomenon not only continues but grows more amazing. The picture stayed on and on downtown, and after being released to the suburban theaters is staying on some more.

The theater folk originally figured the picture to be a leather-jacket special, a teen-age flash—a box office winner, for sure, but one that would die out once the more ardent young fans had seen it two or three times.

What has happened is that the oldsters have suddenly discovered the film. After ignoring it for weeks, the middle-aged troops are flocking in, coming away to tell their friends that it's really sort of amusing, and sending more middle-aged troops to the tills.

It's the signal, of course, for a new cycle of films. Before long there will be three James Bonds to choose from on the screen. Sean Connery, the only screen Bond to date, is tied up with the producers of the original Bond films. But two other producers own rights to Bond novels, and are going to go ahead and make them with other actors. Richard Burton was signed up for such a deal, but ducked out of it.

Richard Zanuck, production boss at Twentieth Century-Fox, said his studio has a better answer than a substitute Bond: a Bond-like hero who out-Bonds Bond. Fox is making a picture called "Our

Man Flint," about a retired CIA man called back into action on a specially tough case.

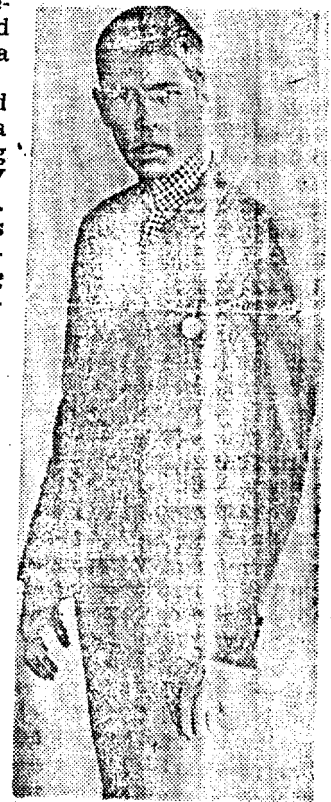
Flint is to be played by James Coburn, a lank, battered-looking young veteran of TV and a few theater films.

"I think Coburn is just a couple of pictures away from being a really top screen personality," said Zanuck. One of the films, he suggested, will be the Flint thing.

Has everybody here seen Goldfinger? And the specially rigged Aston-Martin with the machine guns, the smoke bombs, the ejector seat, the Ben-Hur hubcaps? Okay. Flint (or Coburn) is going to be a walking version of that car.

Here's Zanuck's run-down on Flint:

"This is a guy that wouldn't stoop to using a gun. But his body is loaded. He wears shirts with button-down collars, but the two buttons on the collar are really earphones that keep him in touch with a fantastic communications system. The buttons on the sleeves of his jacket are hand grenades. He carried a cigarette lighter that's a portable blowtorch. Every inch of him is lethal."



COBURN